After Your Own Heart

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/87371916.

Rating:
General Audiences

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
F/F

Fandom:
Fate/Grand Order

Relationship:
Morgan | Berserker/Reader

Character:
Morgan | Berserker

Additional Tags:
Married Couple, Dancing, Gift Giving, Fluff, Love, Established Relationship, Master/Servant, Forehead Kisses, Forehead Touching, Holding Hands, Love Confessions

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2026-06-25 Words: 4,352 Chapters: 1/1

After Your Own Heart

by Bordementions

Summary

Super duper happy domestic fluffy dancing Morgan/Reader

Notes

More fate stuff cause I am sad and lonely and I yearn for delicious Master/Servant dynamics where they either abuse me like an actual piece of meat or they love and hold me and hug me and we get to be super happy and yayyyyyyy

Regarlessyeah morgan I like her and shes cool, I'm currently still getting through the Britain lostbelt stuff and Barg and Morgan are so awesome and cool and Barghest should pick me up and swing me around in a circle

I mean like technically ooc but I also think that Morgan could be super nice and loving to her percieved spouse and it would be really cute

Shuten is likely next fate fic

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

The halls of the Storm Border were quieter than usual.

Most of the crew were occupied elsewhere. Some were buried in the lower decks conducting urgent maintenance, while others analyzed incoming data from future operations. Only a handful of Servants wandered the ship, pursuing their own eccentric means of passing the time between life-or-death missions.

You found yourself occupied with something considerably less grand, yet infinitely more nerve-wracking: holding a tray.

A freshly prepared meal rested atop it, sending up small, fragrant plumes of steam. It was simple, warm, and meticulous. Morgan's dinner.

A small, heavy sigh escaped your lips as you navigated a quiet intersection. At some point over the last few months, you had stopped questioning why you still did this. Originally, it had been one of Morgan's absolute expectations. As her "wife," certain domestic and courtly duties naturally fell upon your shoulders—or rather, according to her unyielding logic, they did.

Fetching rare materials, attending strategy meetings by her side, spending mandatory hours in her presence, and listening to her dryly discuss the extensive authoritarian improvements she would make to Chaldea if she were ever allowed to govern it. And, of course, preparing her meals.

Yet, that last demand had long since vanished from her dictums. Months ago, in fact, Morgan had simply stopped asking. She had given you a quiet reprieve from the kitchen, yet somehow, you found your feet carrying you back to the cafeteria day after day anyway. Was it a survival habit? An involuntary urge to keep your most dangerous asset placated? Or was it something deeper, something far more difficult to define?

Your brow furrowed, a faint frown touching your lips. That was the problem, wasn't it? You weren't entirely certain anymore.

The feelings you harbored regarding the Lostbelt King had become a tangled, impossible knot. Fear was still there, coiled tightly at the base of your spine. It always would be. You had witnessed the tragedy and terror of Faerie Britain firsthand. You had looked into the abyss of her cold nature, and you knew exactly what she was capable of when crossed. No amount of proximity or domestic comfort could erase the

reality that she was a terrifyingly powerful monster who viewed the world through a lens of absolute, tyrannical control.

Yet, at the same time… there were the moments. Small, quiet fractures in her icy demeanor. The way her dark silhouette always shifted to position itself between you and danger on the battlefield without a second thought. The way she remembered trivial details you had offhandedly mentioned months prior. The way her razor-sharp tongue would instantly humiliate anyone who spoke poorly of your accomplishments. And the way her expression softened—if only by a fraction of a millimeter—whenever she believed nobody was watching.

Your fingers tightened around the edges of the metal tray.

Did you love her? Perhaps. Part of you truly believed you did. But how much of that affection was genuine, born of your own free will? How much of it had been forced into existence through constant exposure to her presence? How much had developed simply because Morgan herself never once seemed to doubt her absolute feelings toward you? You couldn't answer that. The uncertainty lingered constantly in your mind.

Eventually, you arrived at the door to your shared quarters. Taking a steadying breath, you keyed the console and pushed the door open.

The room beyond was exceptionally spacious by the Storm Border's standards. Morgan had naturally made extensive alterations immediately after claiming it as her domain. Several heavy pieces of ornate furniture had appeared from seemingly nowhere, likely transported via magecraft. Towering bookshelves lined one wall, packed with dense, ancient texts. A lavish sitting area occupied another corner, and various decorations inspired by Faerie Britain had slowly accumulated over time. The room looked less like standard quarters and more like chambers of royalty. Which, of course, was entirely fitting.

Morgan sat near one of the large viewing windows, overlooking the endless, churning sea of clouds beyond. A massive, leather-bound book rested in her lap, one leg crossed over the other. Her silver hair, almost luminescent under the dim room lights, flowed straight down her back and over her shoulders, framing her face and bangs. Even sitting completely motionless, she managed to project some form of regality to the room.

Her eyes shifted away from the window and locked onto you almost immediately.

"You have returned."

The statement carried the same flat, absolute tone she might use to acknowledge the sunrise. There was no surprise, only the calm validation that your arrival had always been expected.

You walked over, carefully placing the tray atop a nearby table. "I made dinner."

Morgan’s gaze tracked the movement, shifting from your face, down to the steaming meal, and then back up to lock with your eyes. A brief, heavy silence stretched between you.

"You continue performing that task," she noted, her voice a cool melody.

You rubbed the back of your neck, suddenly feeling small under her scrutiny. "Well... yeah."

Morgan closed her book with a soft, decisive thud. "You realize I have not requested such service in several months."

"I know."

"And yet you continue."

"I suppose so," you mumbled, offering a small, sheepish shrug.

A faint hum escaped the depths of her throat. It wasn't quite amusement, nor was it outright approval. It was something inscrutable in between. "You are a peculiar wife."

There it was again. Wife.

The word should not have affected you anymore. Morgan used it constantly. Daily. Sometimes hourly. Yet, even after all this time, the casual gravity with which she declared it caused a sudden, traitorous warmth to creep into your cheeks.

Morgan noticed immediately. Of course she did; very little ever escaped her eyes. The faintest, ghost of a smile touched her lips, breaking her stony composure.

"There is no need to appear embarrassed."

"I wasn't," you lied quickly.

"A lie," she countered smoothly, her tone utterly certain.

You let out a soft groan, looking away, which only seemed to make Morgan look entirely pleased with herself. It was a rare, precious sight. Most of the time, her expressions remained perfectly composed, unreadable, and cold as a winter storm. Today, however, something about her energy seemed lighter. More relaxed. You couldn't quite place why.

Morgan rose from her chair. As always, she seemed less like a person standing up and more like a queen rising from her throne.

"My wife." The title came softer this time, carrying a simple, velvet weight. "Come here."

You blinked, pausing. "What?"

"Come here." There was a brief, deliberate pause as Morgan tilted her head, her gaze narrowing just enough to let you feel the invisible weight of her authority. "Must I repeat myself a third time?"

With a quiet sigh, you walked over to her. The closer you got, the more you noticed that peculiar, soft expression lingering in her blue eyes. It wasn't a loud, human happiness—Morgan rarely displayed anything so obvious—but there was unmistakably a deep, tranquil warmth present.

You stopped right in front of her. Without hesitation, Morgan reached forward. Her hand found yours. Her fingers were thin, cool, and remarkably elegant as they wrapped firmly around your own. The gesture was surprisingly gentle, a stark contrast to the destructive power those same hands wielded, and you felt your heart skip a beat.

Morgan lifted your joined hands slightly between the two of you, her thumb tracing the back of your knuckles. For a long moment, she simply studied your hand.

Then, she spoke. "I have something for you."

"A gift?" you asked, a sudden spike of caution hitting your voice.

"Naturally."

That should have worried you. Morgan’s previous ideas of "gifts" often

ranged from the absurdly extravagant to the mildly terrifying. The last one had been a fully realized architectural blueprint for a massive, defensive castle she intended to build for you on the ship's deck. Before that, she had attempted to gift you enough wealth to completely destabilize the economic history of several nations.

You opened your mouth to gently construct an excuse, but Morgan was already moving. Something glinted within her free hand.

A ring.

The words died instantly in your throat.

The object itself wasn't ostentatious. It wasn't encrusted with blinding jewels, nor was it overflowing with the dense, oppressive magical energy you usually detected from her creations at a single glance. In fact... it appeared exceptionally simple. It was a beautifully crafted silver band, with small, blue crystalline accents subtly worked into the metal’s grain, tracing a delicate, winding pattern. It looked less like something forged by Morgan, and more like something an ordinary jeweler would sell in a shop.

You stared at it, utterly speechless. Morgan watched your reaction with careful, intense scrutiny.

After several moments of heavy silence, she spoke. "I created it myself."

You looked up, your eyes wide. "You did?"

Morgan nodded once, her expression deadpan. "It possesses no magical properties."

"...What?"

"It is just a ring," she asserted, sounding vaguely irritated that she even had to clarify the lack of lethality. "It contains no enchantments."

"No defensive boundaries? No conceptual shields?"

"No."

"No hidden, world-ending functions?"

"No."

You blinked, completely thrown off. Morgan stared back, her

composure perfectly intact.

"...Why?" you finally whispered.

For the first time since you had known her, Morgan actually seemed uncertain how to answer. It was... weird. Her gaze shifted away from yours briefly, looking out toward the clouds.

"I learned of the custom while recounting the memories gifted to me by my Proper Human History self," she began, her voice dropping to a quiet murmur. That alone was enough to shock you; Morgan generally dismissed human customs as pointless nonsense. Yet, she continued. "It appears that in your history, rings are often exchanged between spouses as a binding token."

Morgan's expression remained tightly composed, though her fingers tightened just a fraction around yours. "Though admittedly, there are several cultural variations. Most of which I found tedious."

Several moments passed. Then, her gaze snapped back to yours. Eyes met your own—certain, unwavering, yet carrying a microscopic tremor of vulnerability.

"In any case." Her thumb brushed gently across your knuckles again. "You are my wife."

The statement came with the absolute confidence. Morgan slowly, deliberately slid the silver band onto your ring finger. The cool metal settled perfectly into place, fitting your hand as though it had been measured down to the exact atom. As though it had always belonged there.

Neither of you spoke. The room grew strangely, profoundly quiet, stripped of the grand scale of holy swords and apocalyptic calamities. Only the distant, fading hum of the Storm Border remained.

Morgan continued holding your hand, her eyes fixed upon the silver gleaming against your skin. When she finally looked back up to meet your face, her voice was softer than you had ever heard it.

"I love you."

Your breath caught painfully in your chest. Morgan rarely ever said it outright. She implied it constantly with her possessiveness, demonstrated it in a thousand violent and protective ways on the battlefield, but hearing the actual, raw words felt entirely different. It

felt far more dangerous. Far more real.

Morgan stepped slightly closer, invading your personal space until you could feel the subtle, chilly aura that always radiated from her. "I am aware that humans often require verbal confirmation of such matters." A faint, dry smile touched her lips. "As strange as that may be."

Despite the lump in your throat, you couldn't help but let out a soft, breathy laugh.

Morgan looked deeply pleased by the reaction. "I love you, my wife," she repeated, the words rolling off her tongue with fierce, deliberate intent. Her fingers squeezed yours. "Not because you are useful to my ambitions."

The words came slowly, carefully, as if she were parsing through two thousand years of armor to find the right phrasing.

"As much as your efforts in managing my deployment continue to exceed expectations." Another small, smug smile tugged at her lips. "Nor do I say it because you are my Master." Her gaze softened entirely, the coldness vanishing from her eyes. "But because you are you."

For perhaps the first time since the day she materialized on Chaldea's summoning circle, Morgan looked completely sincere. She wasn't standing before you as an authoritarian ruler or a weapon of mass destruction. She was just a woman. One who had endured thousands of years of agonizing loneliness, bitter betrayals, and isolation.

Your chest felt strangely warm. Terrifyingly so.

You still didn't know how much of your own feelings were entirely real. You still didn't know exactly where your lingering fear ended and your genuine affection began. You still didn't know whether the intense, high-stakes relationship you shared with Morgan was entirely healthy by human standards.

But standing there in the quiet of your quarters, with her hand wrapped securely around yours and her silver ring resting upon your finger... you found yourself smiling. And to your own profound surprise, the sudden surge of happiness that bloomed inside your chest felt completely, undeniably genuine.

Morgan seemed to read that shift instantly. Her own smile widened ever so slightly—a victory. A small, quiet conquest, yet one she clearly

treasured far more than any territory.

"Excellent." She gently lifted your hand to her lips, pressing a soft, lingering kiss against your hand, right above the silver band.

"I was correct."

You blinked, trying to ground yourself. "About what?"

Her eyes gleamed faintly with that familiar, haughty spark. "The ring suits you perfectly."

The warm meal sat entirely forgotten upon the table. The book Morgan had been reading remained abandoned and upside down in her chair. Neither seemed particularly important anymore.

Outside the large viewing window stretched the endless sea of clouds, illuminated by the distant, pale light of the moon. The ship cut silently through the atmosphere, carrying Chaldea toward whatever apocalyptic crisis awaited humanity next. But for once, neither of you felt any urgency to address it.

Morgan still held your hand, her thumb occasionally tracing small, absent-minded circles across the top. It was a subtle, comforting motion.

You found yourself staring down at your hand once again, watching the silver band gleam softly. Simple. Elegant. Created by her own hands. The fact still felt utterly surreal.

Yet, she had spent her precious time crafting an ordinary wedding ring. Just for you.

Morgan watched your face, tracking the thoughts crossing your expression. "You continue to stare."

You looked up, offering a soft smile. "I like it. A lot."

"As expected."

"You're entirely too confident."

"There exists not a single reason I shouldn't be," she answered immediately, her chin lifting slightly. "As a sovereign, absolute confidence is expected. As your wife, it is guaranteed."

You let out a smirk at that.

Morgan's eyes narrowed slightly, though there was no malice in them. If anything, she appeared quietly delighted by your ease. "You mock me."

"You make it easy sometimes," you countered, emboldened by the ring on your finger.

"I see." She stepped even closer, her tall silhouette casting a shadow over you as she looked down with a dangerous, playful glint in her eyes. "Then perhaps I should resume behaving like a proper, tyrant to remind you of your place."

The warning was delivered with entirely too much amusement to be taken seriously, and as you looked up at her, the fear that usually guarded your heart felt just a little bit further away.

Morgan studied you for a moment. A long, unblinking moment that stretched the silence between you until the quiet of the room became increasingly difficult to ignore.

Under the intense scrutiny of her eyes, you felt entirely exposed, as if she were reading the very cadence of your heartbeat. Eventually, you shifted uncomfortably beneath her gaze, clearing your throat. "What?"

Morgan's expression softened further, the sharp, regal angles of her face giving way to something entirely relaxed. "Nothing. I simply wished to look at you."

For a moment, all you could do was stare at her, your mind scrambling to process the casual intimacy of the statement.

Morgan, meanwhile, seemed entirely unbothered by your shock. She tilted her head. "As my wife, you remain quite pleasant to observe."

A flush of heat rushed to your face, and you practically choked on your next breath. "You... you can't just say things like that out loud."

"Why ever not?" she countered, a thread of smug amusement looping through her tone. "I have said far more embarrassing things in the presence of my court, and I have executed subjects for far less than objecting to my praise."

Unfortunately, she was correct. The image of Morgan dryly declaring your marital status in front of a baffled Chaldea briefing room flashed through your mind. You let out a defeated groan, burying your face in your free hand.

Suddenly, her cool hand tightened around yours. It wasn't a forceful grip, but it carried just enough gravity to pull your attention back to her.

"My wife," she murmured, her voice dropping an octave. "Come here."

You looked up, peering through your fingers at her. "I'm already standing right here."

"Closer."

You rolled your eyes, a small huff escaping you to mask the flutter in your chest. Still, you complied, taking that final step forward. The moment you were within arm's reach, Morgan's arm wound securely around your waist.

You barely had time to react to the motion before she drew you fully against herself. A small, surprised noise escaped your throat as your front met the rich, layered fabric of her gown. She was taller than you, slender but unyielding, radiating a faint, magical chill that in honestly wasn't super comforting.

Morgan's expression remained perfectly composed. "There."

"You're impossible sometimes, you know that?" you muttered, resting your hands against her chest to steady yourself.

"No." Her gloved hand slid down, settling firmly against the small of your back, anchoring you to her. "I am merely correct."

Morgan's gaze lingered on your face for several quiet seconds, tracing the line of your jaw, the curve of your lips, before she spoke again. "Would you dance with me?"

You blinked, certain you had misheard her. "A dance? Right now?"

Morgan nodded once. "There is currently nothing requiring the immediate attention of either of us. The command room is silent, and the upcoming operations are fully mapped." Another slight nod of her head, as if validating her own decree. "We possess sufficient free time." Then, after a brief, surprisingly human pause, she added, "And I wish to."

You looked around the spacious room. There was no music playing from the terminal. There was no grand ballroom, no courtly audience, no celebration. There was just the two of you, standing in a metallic

room aboard a wandering ship. Yet, looking up into her steady, expectant eyes, the request felt entirely natural coming from her. A wife asking her spouse for a dance. Nothing more. Nothing less.

Overcoming your lingering hesitation, you offered a soft, polite nod. "Okay. Let's dance."

Morgan's expression shifted into one of deep contentment at your agreement. It was a microscopic change—a softening of her brow, a slight relaxation of her jaw—and you doubted anyone else in Chaldea would have ever noticed it. But you did. You knew her tells now. And somehow, that intimate familiarity made the moment feel incredibly special.

Without another word, she raised your hand, locking her fingers with yours in a proper hold. Her other arm remained securely around your waist, and you hesitantly rested your free hand against the soft fabric covering her shoulder. For a heartbeat, the two of you simply stood there, suspended in time, looking deeply into one another's eyes.

Then, slowly, smoothly, you began to move.

There was no music. None whatsoever. Yet Morgan guided you effortlessly, stepping into a rhythm dictated solely by the quiet cadence of her own heart. One step. A graceful sweep to the left. Then another.

The two of you began to drift across the room together. The pace was slow, languid, and entirely unhurried, as though the entire universe had decided to stop turning just to allow this single room a reprieve from gravity.

Morgan moved with a natural, breathtaking grace that somehow managed to surprise you, despite everything you knew about her. Of course she could dance; someone of her immense age, royal stature, and upbringing in the ancient clans of Orkney likely possessed countless courtly skills. Every turn was fluid, every step perfectly measured to match your shorter stride.

Slowly, the residual tension melted from your shoulders. You found yourself relaxing into her hold, allowing the her to lead, allowing yourself to simply enjoy the sensation of floating. The room passed by in a slow, comforting blur around you—the bookshelves, the chairs, the viewing window—all of it becoming entirely secondary to Morgan holding you.

Morgan's attention never left your face. Nor did yours leave her. Her hair swayed gently with each turn, her fingers remaining tightly intertwined with your own. Warm. Steady and comforting.

"You have improved," she remarked dryly, breaking the silence.

"Improved?"

"Your dancing." Morgan sounded somewhat thoughtful, as if evaluating a formula. "The first occasion we attempted this, your posture was significantly worse. You tripped twice."

Your jaw dropped in disbelief. "You told me I did fine back then!"

"I lied," she answered smoothly, a wicked glint entering her eyes. "A queen must occasionally flatter her subjects to keep morale high."

"Morgan!"

A faint, melodic laugh escaped her—an actual laugh. The rare, beautiful sound caught you so off guard that your feet tangled, and you nearly missed a step. Morgan's arm instantly tightened around your waist, hoisting you effortlessly back into balance before you could stumble. The amusement in her deep blue eyes only deepened at your flustered state.

"You remain entirely adorable when provoked," she murmured.

"I don't think I've ever heard you laugh like that," the words slipped out of your mouth before you could think to stop them, your voice soft and full of wonder.

Morgan blinked, the smugness instantly vanishing from her face. She looked away slightly, her blunt bangs obscuring her expression as she steered you through a gentle turn. "...Is that so?"

"It is," you insisted softly, leaning into her chest just a bit more.

For a brief, miraculous moment, something resembling embarrassment crossed her features. She cleared her throat slightly. "You appear pleased by it."

"I am. I like hearing you laugh."

"Good." The answer came instantly, her gaze snapping back to yours, fierce once more. "That was my intention. Your happiness is a direct reflection of my rule."

The dance continued. The two of you slowly circled the perimeter of the room, speaking in quiet, hushed tones, occasionally falling into a deeply comfortable silence that neither of you felt any pressing need to fill. At one point, Morgan leaned down and pressed a gentle, lingering kiss against your forehead. A few minutes later, emboldened by the atmosphere, you returned the gesture, rising slightly on your tiptoes to press a soft kiss against her pale cheek.

She looked momentarily surprised, stopping her feet as she looked down at you. "What is so amusing?"

"Nothing," you smiled, refusing to break eye contact.

Morgan narrowed her eyes in a mock display of suspicion. "You continue this maddening habit of smiling at me without explanation."

"Because you say ridiculous things with a completely straight face, Your Majesty."

"I do not say ridiculous things," she sniffed haughtily. "I say entirely truthful things."

"That's really not helping your case."

She let out a dramatic, long-suffering sigh. The gesture was so uncharacteristically exaggerated for the feared Lostbelt King that you immediately burst into a fit of soft laughter.

To your complete astonishment, Morgan joined you. It wasn't a loud or inelegant sound, but a soft, incredibly warm laugh that lingered in the small space between you. The sound felt priceless.

As the laughter faded, Morgan’s gaze came back onto you, her eyes reflecting the dim lights of the cabin. They were gentle, profoundly affectionate, and unusually vulnerable.

The rhythm of the dance slowed further, winding down like a clock, until eventually, neither of you were truly moving across the floor anymore. You were just swaying together in the center of the room, holding one another tightly. Morgan leaned down, resting her forehead lightly against yours, her breath warm against your skin.

Outside, the Storm Border continued its lonely journey through the endless night. The rest of Chaldea carried on with their lives elsewhere aboard the vessel, worrying about the fate of human history and the battles to come. Yet, for this fleeting moment, none of it

seemed to matter.

Only this. Only her. Only the grounding warmth of her hands, the quiet affection pooling in her eyes, and the peaceful contentment written across her smile.

You had spent so long questioning yourself. Questioning your own feelings, your motives, and your sanity.

Yet, standing here securely in Morgan's arms... feeling her hold you as though you were the single most precious, irreplaceable thing in the entire universe... watching the pure, unadulterated happiness she derived from simply being near you... the answer suddenly felt unexpectedly simple.

Perhaps the love was real. Perhaps it had been real for quite some time, buried beneath your fear.

Because in this exact moment, with Morgan smiling softly down at you beneath the light, there was absolutely no fear left. There was no lingering uncertainty, no confusion. There was only warmth.

And when Morgan gently squeezed your hand, her thumb brushing against the silver band she had forged for you, she quietly whispered into the space between you:

"My beloved wife."

You found yourself smiling back at her without a single shred of hesitation. And for the first time in a very long time, the words no longer felt like a script you were indulging to keep someone else happy. They felt true. They felt like home.

End Notes

Chaldea please hire me I am trustworthy

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!